







## Selected Poetry.

### THE LIGHT IN THE WINDOW.

BY CHARLES MACAY, LL.D.

Love or early home-coming,  
In the sunlight or the rain,  
I bade him from the window-pane  
Hear his soft rebuffed words,  
Hear his bidding, I could see,  
Withings—writing,

—“I have a son;—  
Tell others broken him all  
The scenes under the sun;

For beyond the world's midnight,  
Waiting his royal birth,

I have watched him at his feet;

Wrote his white influences brief,

Over passing,

And repose,

Went and served to understand

What inspired in gold, or flame-

Bread or babbles of a name;

Or the mighty world of London,

Or the portion of my life's experience,

Parted my heart at the frown,

Moving new life figures now,

Leaving—leaving,

—“I have a son;—  
Tell others broken him all

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